I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you dispos'd, you quake like rebels:
O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo Foule wrinkled, witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu. Ma. But repitition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasure you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.
Buc Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now one me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
Not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward my sonne, which
For *Edward* my son, which
Die in his youth by like v
Thy selfe a Queene, for me
Out liue thy glory, like my
Long maist thou liue to wa
And see another, as I see th
Deckt in thy glory, as thou
Long die thy happy dayes
And after many lengthene
Die neither mother, wife, n
Riuers and *Dorset*, you w
And so was thou Lord *H*
Was stabd with bloody da
That none of you may liue
But by some vnlookt acci
Glo. Haue done thy cha
Qu. Ma. And leaue out
If heauen haue any greeuo
Exceeding those that I can
O let them keepe it till thy
And then hurle downe thei
On thee the troubler of the
The worme of conscience
Thy friends suspect for tray
And take deepe traytors fo
No sleepe close vp the deadl
Vnlesse it be whilst some to
Affrights thee, with a hell o
Thou eluish mark, abortiue
Thou that wast seald in thy
The slaue of nature, and the
Thou flaunder of thy moth
Thou loathed issue of thy f
Thou rag of honour, thou d
Glo. Margret.
Qu. Ma. Richard.
Qu. Ma. I call the not.
Glo. Then I cry thee me

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